

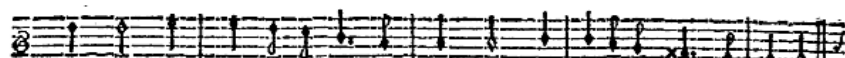
A Glee.

A. 3. Voc. Treble and Bass.

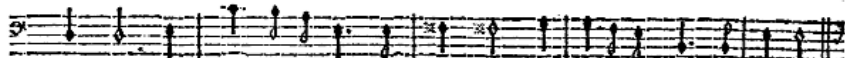


Ly Boy, Fly Boy to the Cellars bottome, view well your Quills and

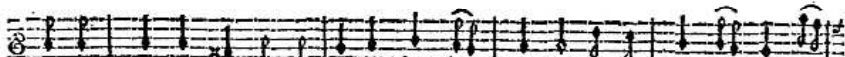
Fly Boy to the Cellars bottome, view well your Quills and



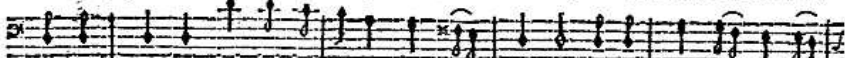
Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um,



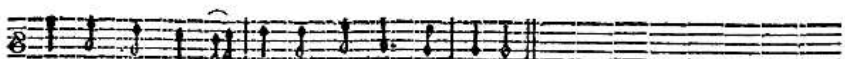
Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um,



If the Quills run foule, be a trusty Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an

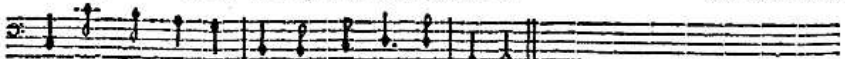


If the Quills run foule, be a trusty Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an



ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Mr. Simon Ives.



ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Here Endeth the Second Part of this Book;
being *Dialogues* and *Glees* for two Voices,
to the *Theorboe-Lute*, or *Bass-Viol*.



THIRD BOOK,

CONTAINING

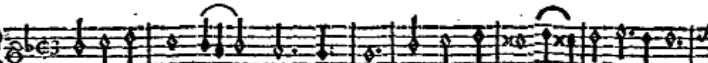
Short *ATRES* or *BALADS* for Three Voyces:

Which may be sung either by a Voyce alone, or by Two or Three Voyces.

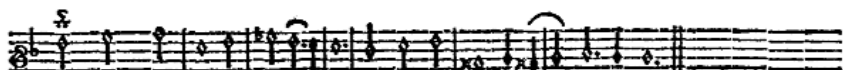
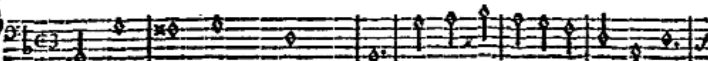
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Webb.



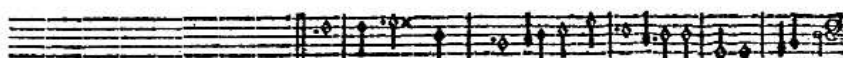
With no more thou shouldst love me, my joys are full in loving thee;



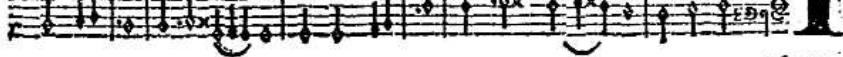
my Heart's too narrow to contain my bliss, if thou shouldst love again,



too narrow to contain my bliss, if thou shouldst love again,



With no more thou shouldst love mee, my joys are full in loving thee; my Heart's



Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



With no more thou shouldst love mee, my joys are full in loving thee; my Heart's



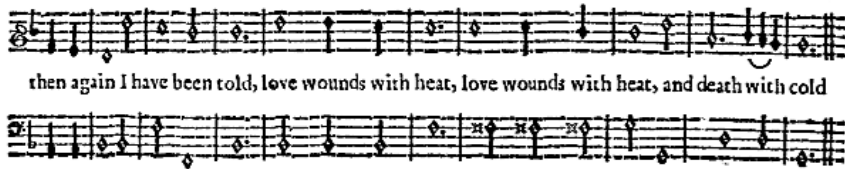
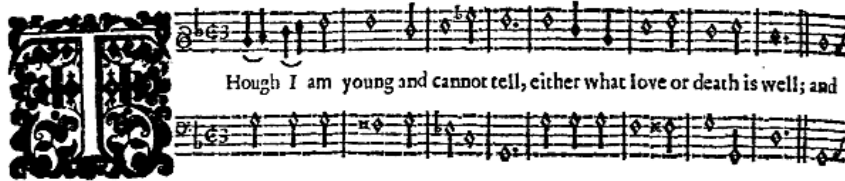
too narrow to contain my bliss, if thou shouldst love again.

A 2

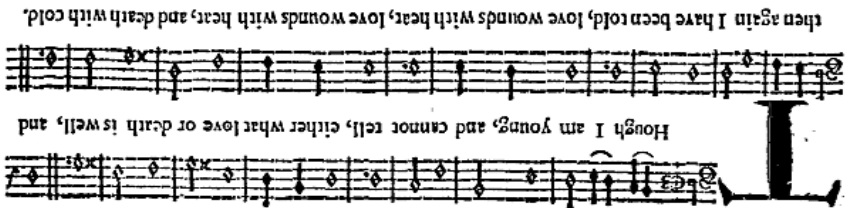
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Nicholas Lanneare.



Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
And both do aime at humane hearts;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extreams to touch, and mean one thing.

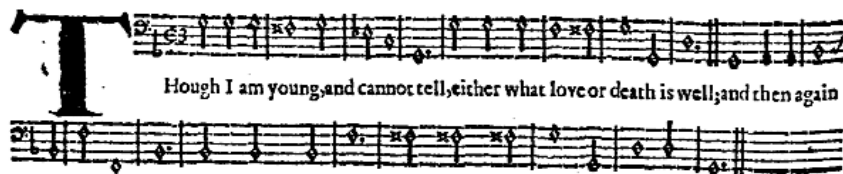


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

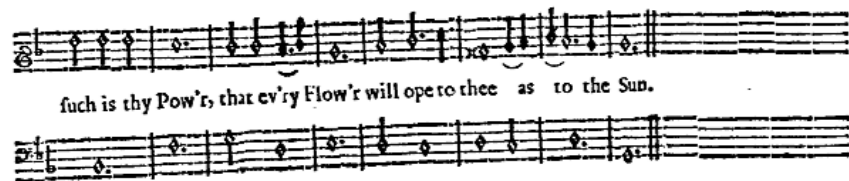
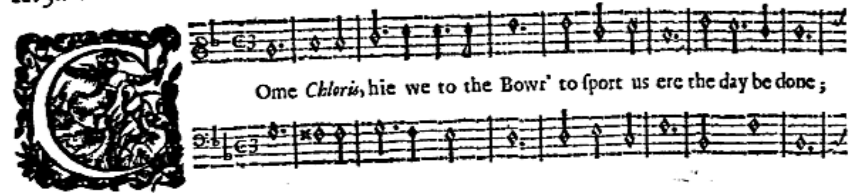


I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold,

A. 3. Voc.

Chloris taking the Ayre.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



II.

And if a Flow'r but chance to dye
With my sighs blasts, or mine Eyes rain,
Thou can't revive it with thine Eye,
And with thy breath mak't sweet again.

III.

The wanton Suckling and the Vine
Will thrive for th' honour, who first may
With their green Arms incircle thine,
To keep the burning Sun away.

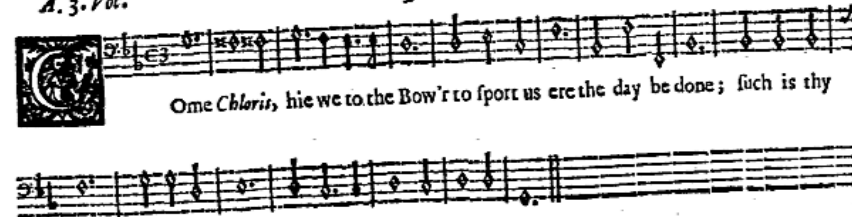


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

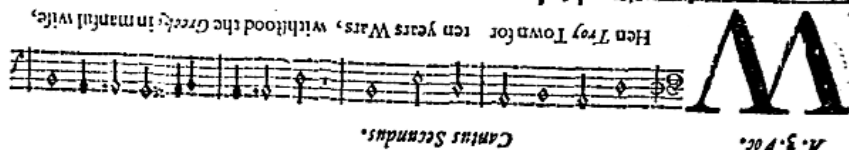
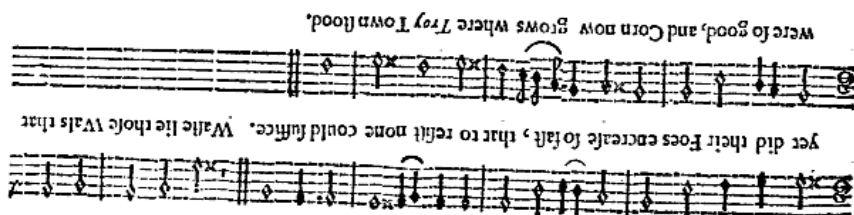
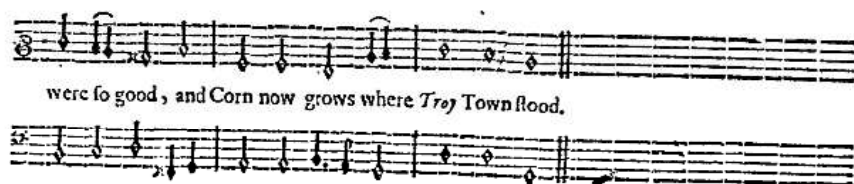
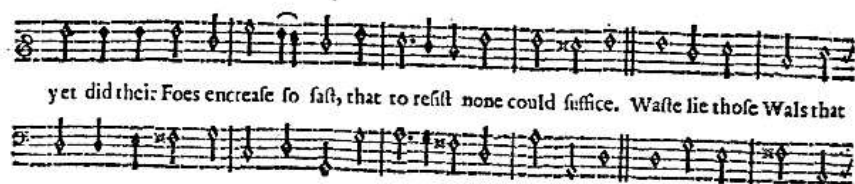
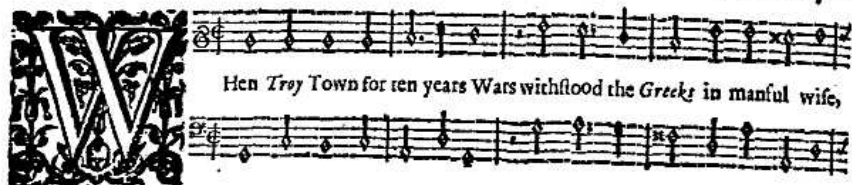


Pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun,

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

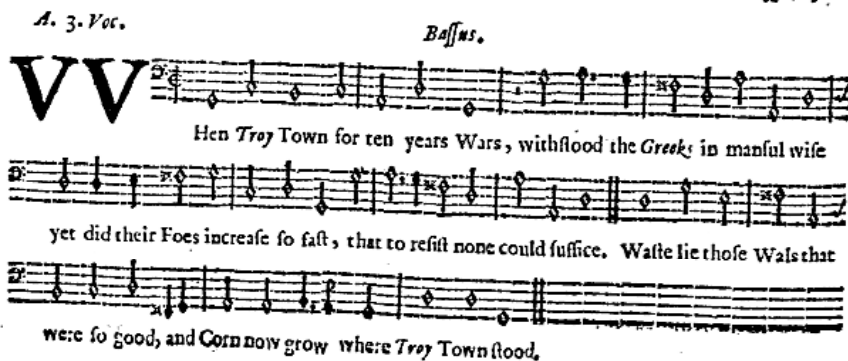
Dr. John Wilson.



Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

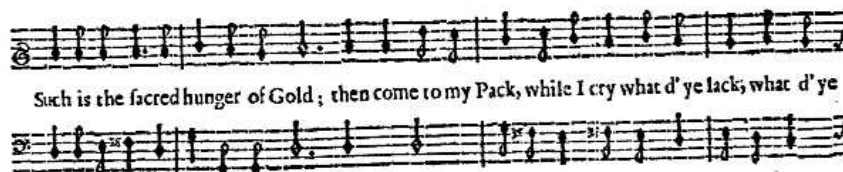
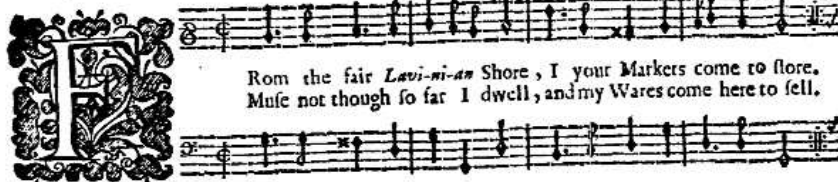
Bassus.



A. 3. Voc.

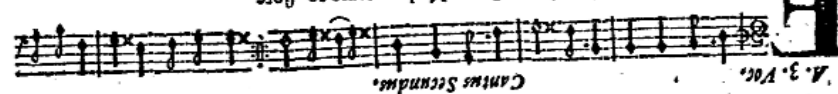
Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



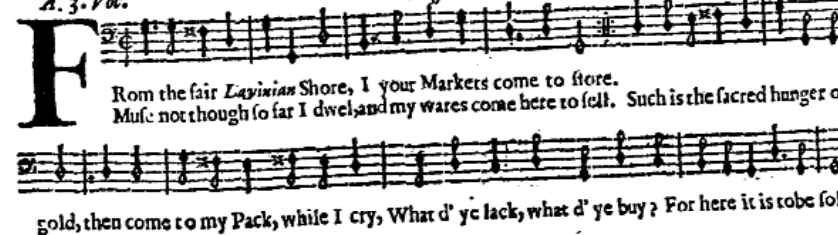
• I have Beauty, Honour, Grace,
Fortune, Favour, Time, and Place;
And what else thou would'st request,
Even the Thing thou likest best.
First let me have but a touch of thy Gold,
Then come to me Lad
Thou shalt have what thy Dad
Never gave, for here it is to be sold.

Maddam, come see what you lack,
Here's Complexion in my Pack;
White and Red you may have in this place,
To hide your old ill wrinkled Face;
First let me have but a touch of thy Gold,
Then thou shalt seem
Like a Wench of Fifteen,
Although thou be three score Years old.



A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



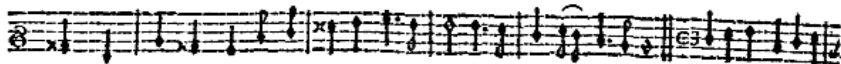
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

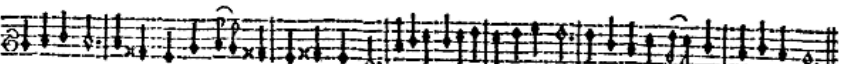
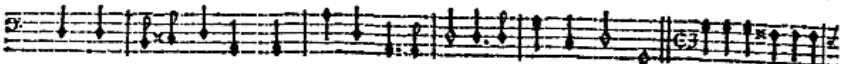
Dr. John Wilson.



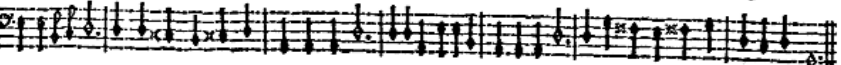
Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I



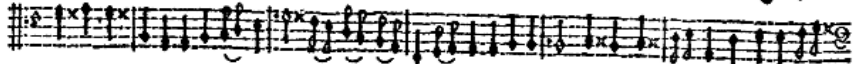
cowch when *Owls* do crie, on the *Batts* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie



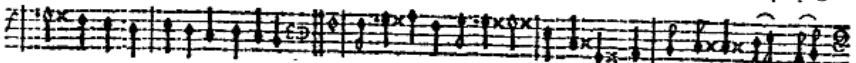
shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow. Merrily merrily shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow.



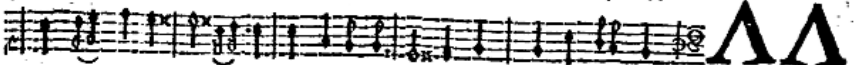
under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.



Owls do cry, on the *Batts* back I do fly after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now



Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch when



Cantus Secundus.

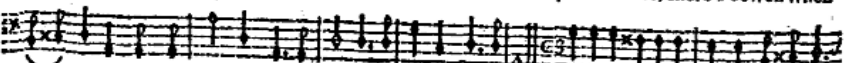
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

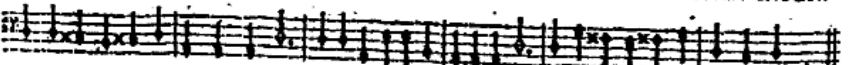
Bassus.



Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch when



Owls do cry, on the *Batts* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now



under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

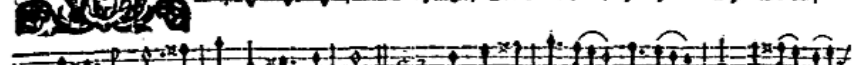
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

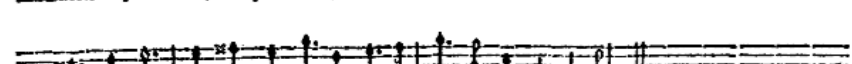
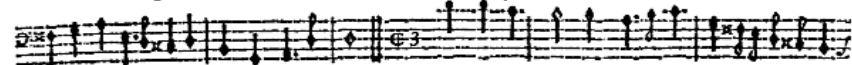
Dr. John Wilson.



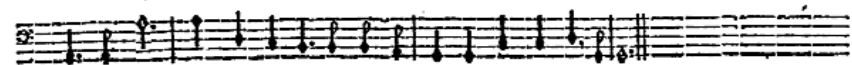
Hen Love with uncon-fi-ned wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine



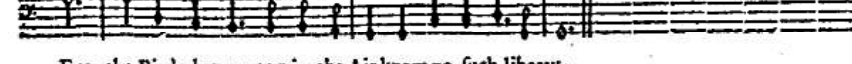
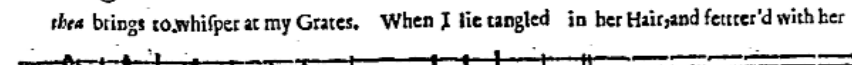
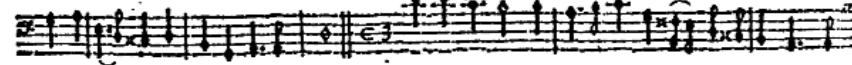
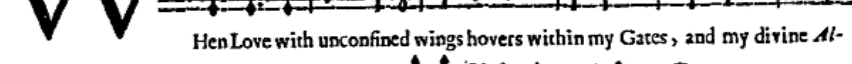
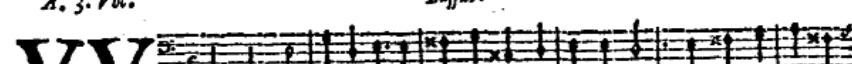
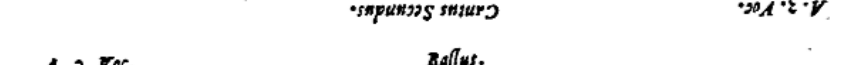
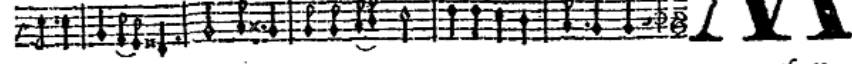
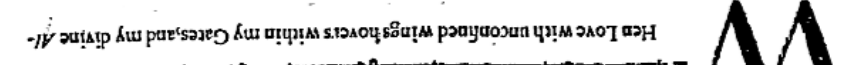
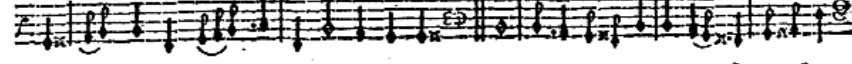
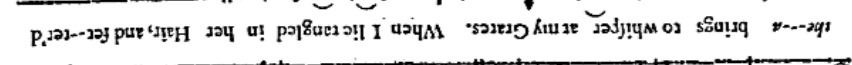
Alhea brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tan-gled in her Hair, and fetter'd



with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.



with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

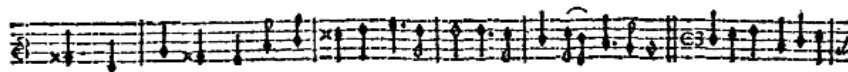
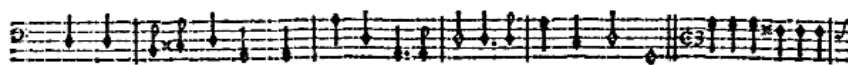


Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

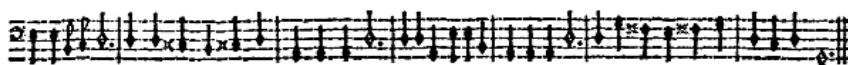
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

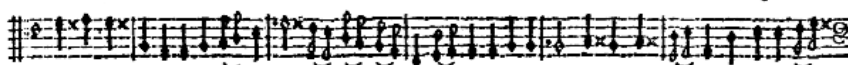
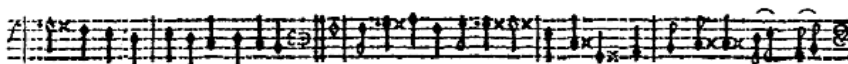
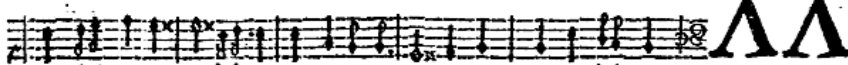
Dr. John Wilson.

Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there Icouch when *Owls* do cry, on the *Bats* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie

shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow. Merrily merrily shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow.



under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

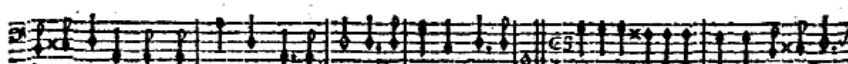
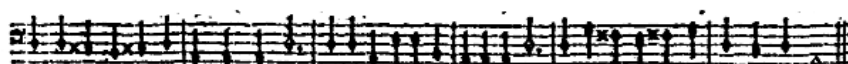
*Owls* do cry, on the *Bats* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shal I live nowHere the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I couch when

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I couch when*Owls* do cry, on the *Bats* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now

under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

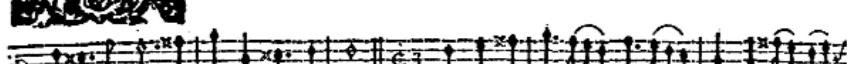
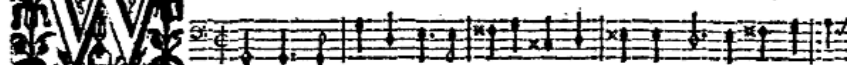
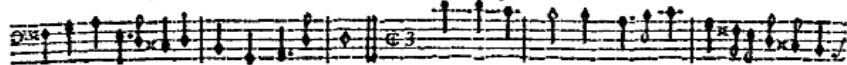
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

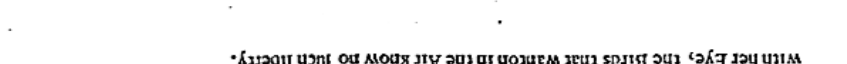
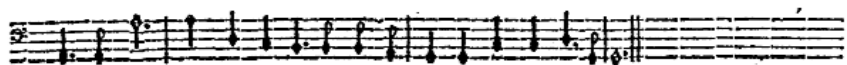
Dr. John Wilson.



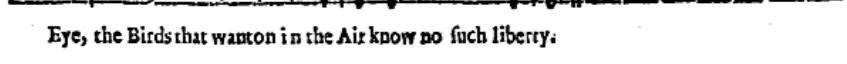
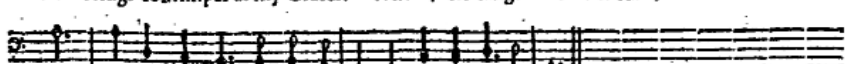
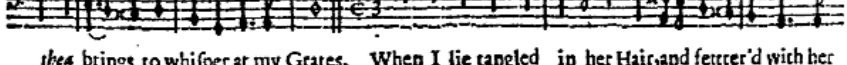
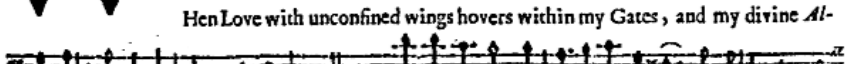
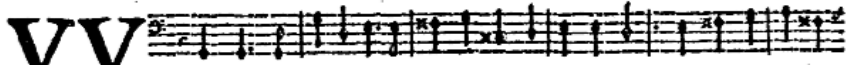
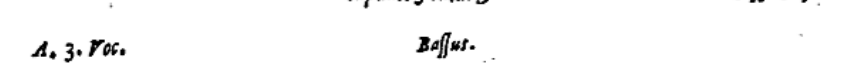
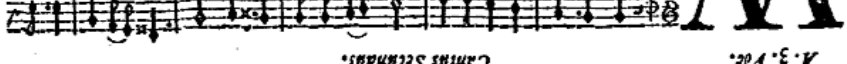
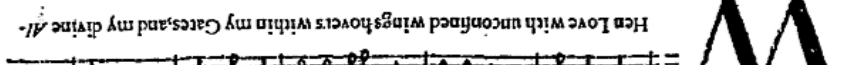
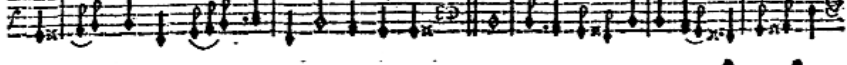
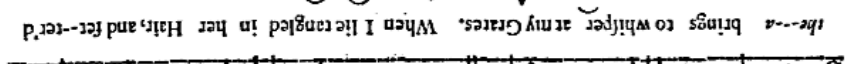
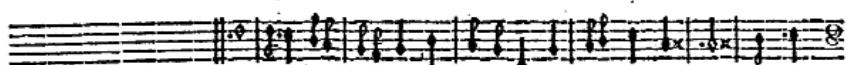
Hen Love with uncon-fined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine

*Althea* brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tan-gled in her Hair, and fetter'd

with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.



with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

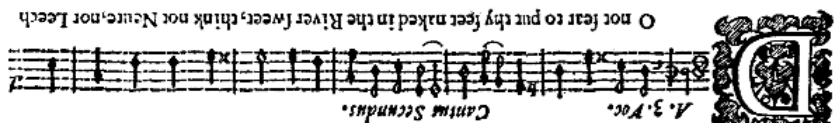
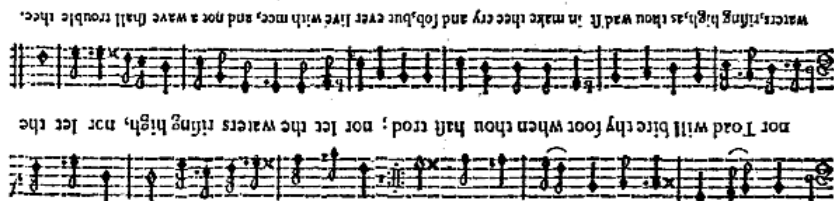
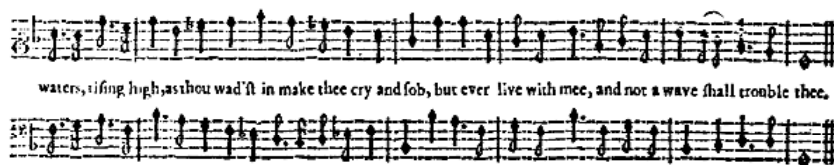
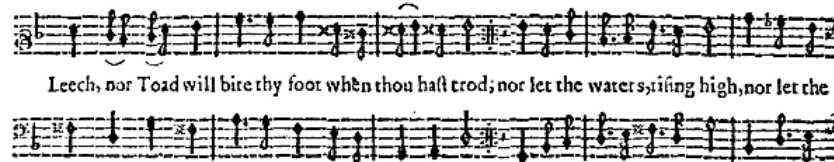
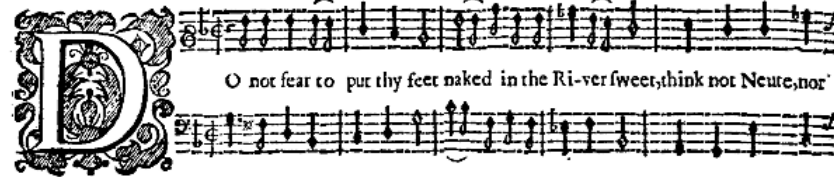


Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

A. 3. Voc.

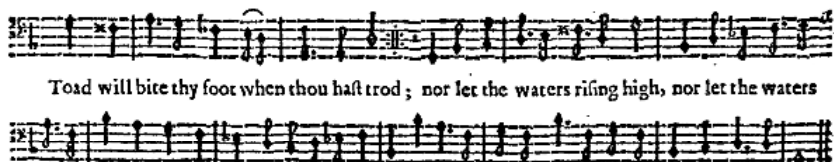
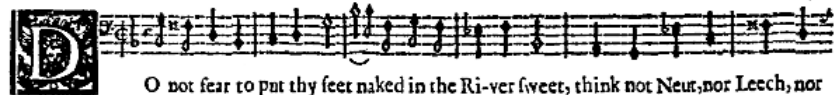
Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

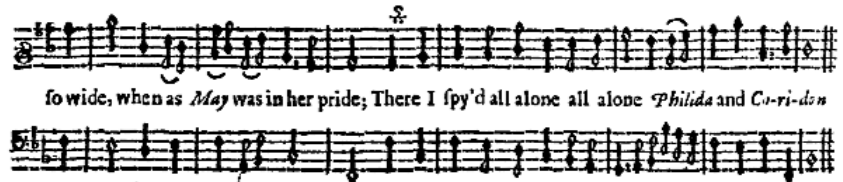
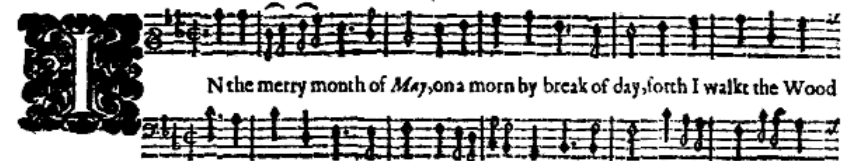


rising high, as thou wadst in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.

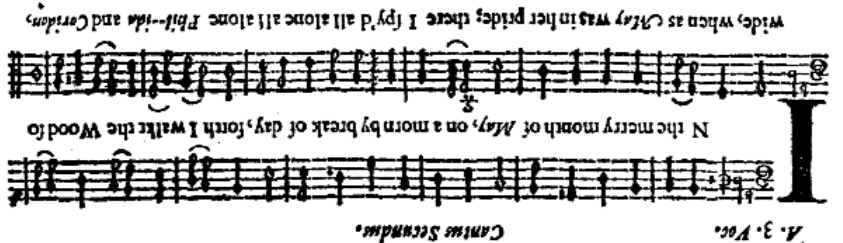


Much adoe there was, God wor,
He did love, but she could not;
He said his love was to woo,
She said none was false to you;
He said, he had lov'd her long,
She said, love should take no wrong.

Coriden would have kist her then,
She said, Maids must kisse no Men,
Till they kisse for good and all;
Then she bad the Shepherd call
All the Gods to witness truth,
Ne'r was loved so fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
Such as filly Shepherds use
When they would not love abuse;
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

And Phillida with Garlands gay
Was Crowned the Lady May.

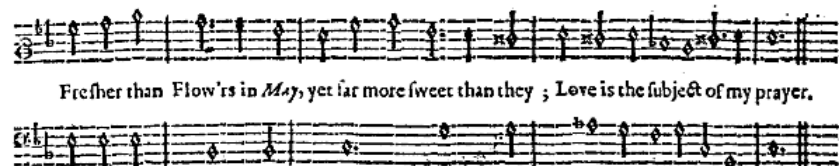
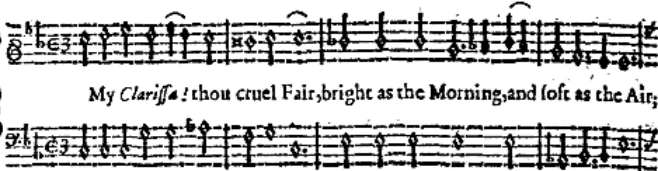


wide, when as May was in her pride; there I spy'd all alone all alone Phillida and Co-ri-den

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Lawes.



Fresher than Flow'rs in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

When first I saw thee, I felt a flame,
Which from thine Eyes like lightning came;
Sure it was Cupid's Dart,
It pierc'd quite through my heart;
Oh, could thy breath once feel the same!

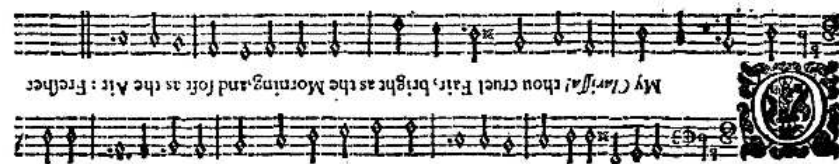
A wound so powerfull would urge thy soule,
Spight of a froward heart, coyneles controule,
And make thy love as fixt
As is the heart thou prik'st,
Forcing thee with me to condole.

Let not such Fortune my Love betide;
Oh, let your rocky breast be mollifi'd!
Send me not to my Grave
Unpittied like a slave;
How can love such usage abide?

Sympathize with me a while in grief,
This passion quickly will find out relief;
Cupid wil from his Bowers
Warm these chill hearts of ours,
And make his power rule there in chief.

Then would the God of Love equall bee,
Giving me ease, as by wounding thee;
Then would you never scorn,
When like to me you burst;
At least not prove unkind to mee.

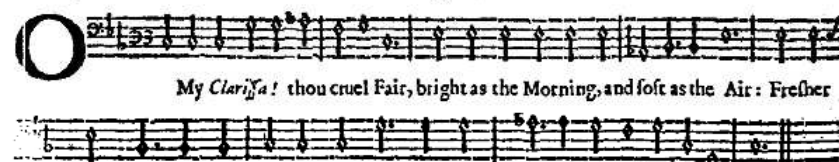
than flowers in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.



My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air: Fresher

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

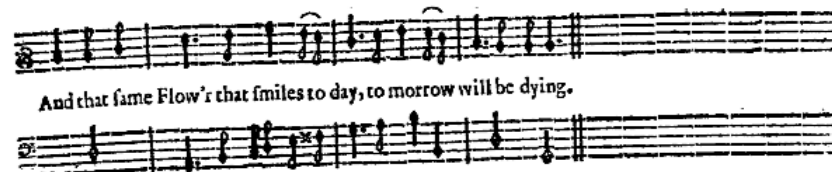
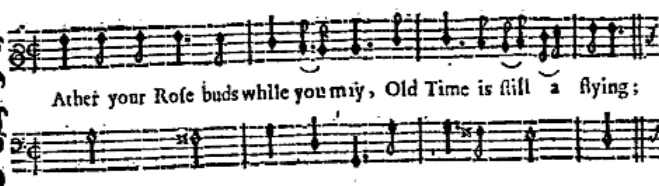


than flowers in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Lawes.



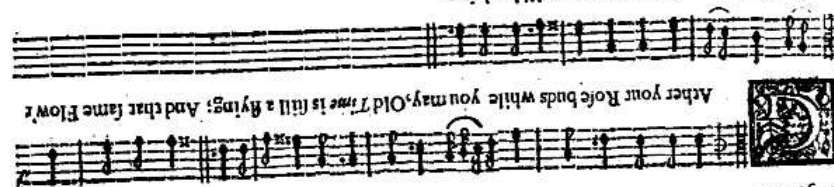
And that same Flow'r that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he is getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That Age is best that is the first,
While youth and blood are warmer;
Expect not the last and worst,
Time still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
While you may go marry,
For having once but lost your prime,
You may for ever tarry:

that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

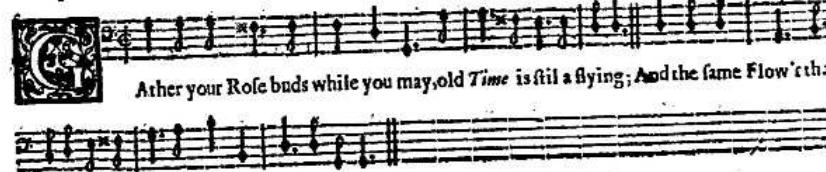


Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying; And that same Flow'r

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ather your Rose buds while you may, old Time is still a flying; And the same Flow'r that
smiles to day to morrow will be dying.

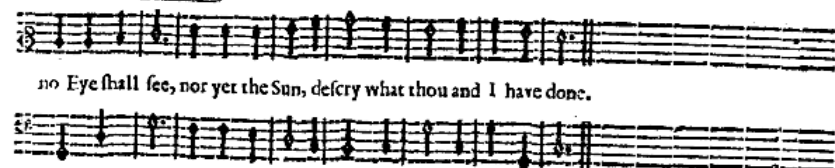
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal,



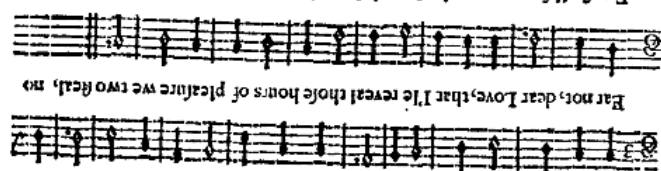
no Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.

No ear shall hear our Love, but we
As silent as the night will be,
The God of Love himself, (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart.)

Shall never know that we can tell,
What sweets in toln embraces dwell;
This onely means may find it out,
If when I die, Physicians doubt.

What caus'd my death, and then to view
Of all their judgments which was true;
Rip up my heart, O then I fear
The world will see thy picture there.

Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.



Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal, no

Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.

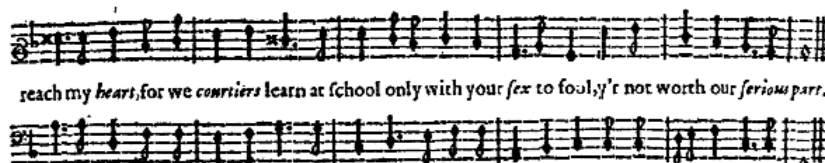
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Tompkins.



Ine young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear, yet you ne'r could



reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school only with your sex to folly, y'r not worth our serious part.

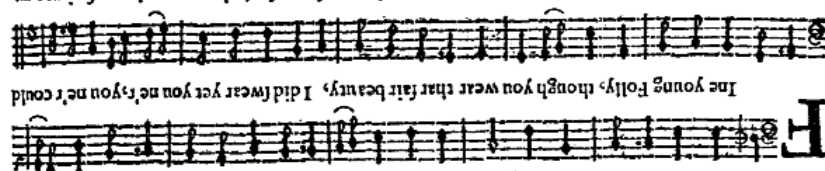
When I sigh and kiss your hand,
Crosse mine Armes, and wondring stand,
Holding fairly with your eye:
Then dilate on my desires,
Swear the Sun ne'r shot such fires,
All is but a handiome lye.

Wherefore, Madam, wear no cloud,
Nor to check my flames grow proud;
For insooth I much do doubt,
'Tis the powder in your hair,
Not your breath perfumes the Air,
And your cloaths that set you out.

When I eye your Curles or Lace,
Gentle soul, you think your face
Straight some murder doth commir;
And your conscience doth begin
To be scrup'lous of my sin,
When I court to shew my wit.

Yet though truth hath this confest,
And I swear I love in jest,
Courteous soul, when next I court,
And protest an amorous flame
You I vow, I in earnest am,
Bedlam, this is pretty sport.

reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school only with your sex to folly, y'r not worth our serious part.

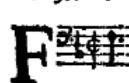


Cantus Secundus.

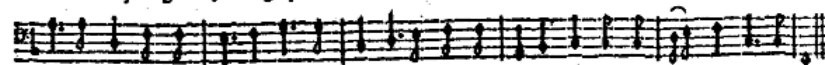
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ine young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear yet you ne'r you ne'r could

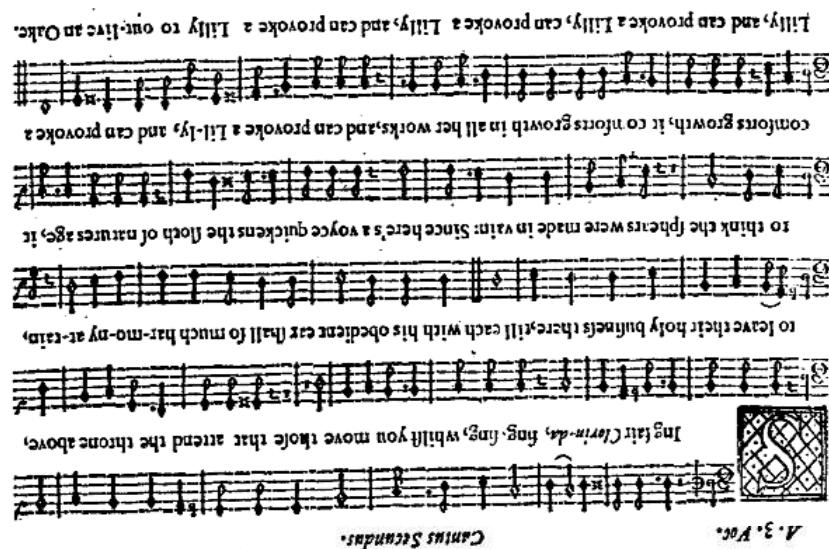
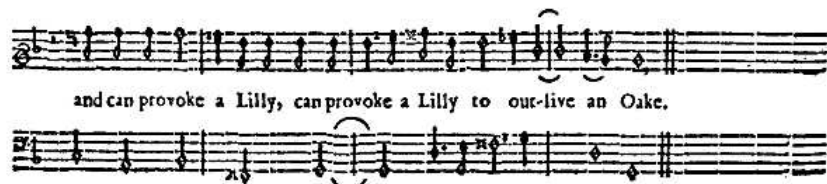
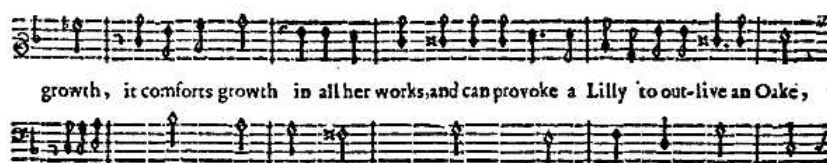
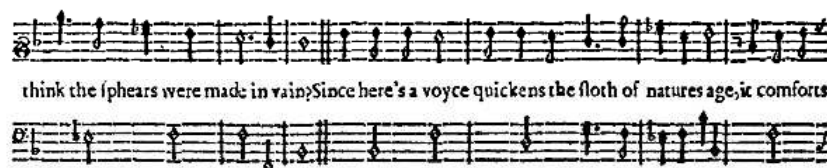
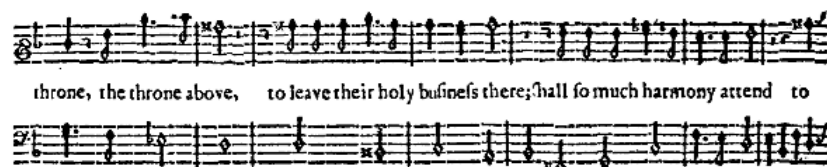


reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school only with your sex to folly, y'r not worth our serious part.

A. 3. Voc.

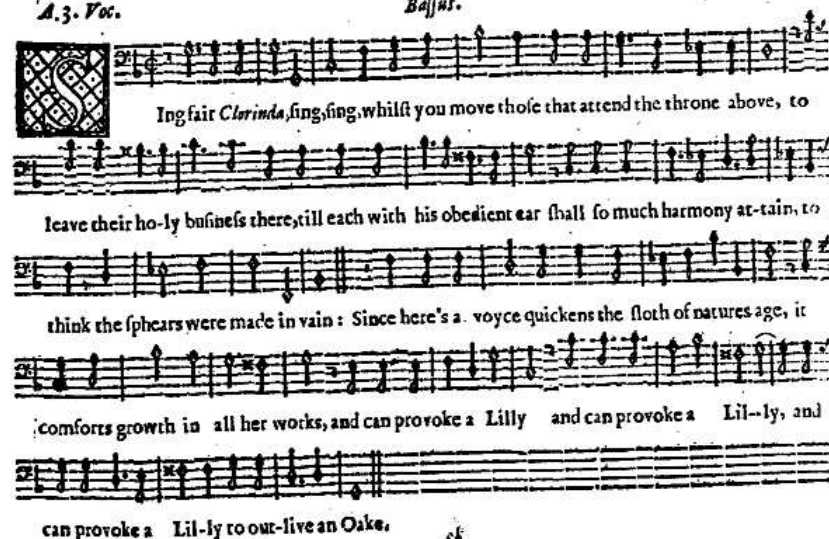
Cantus Primus.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



A. 3. Voc.

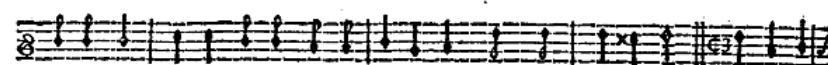
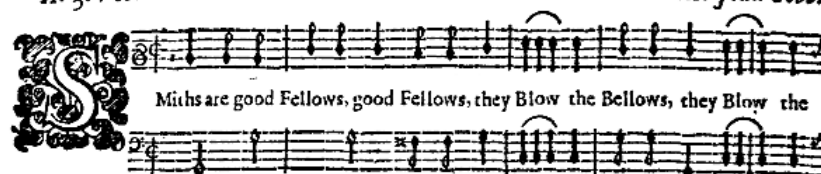
Bassus.



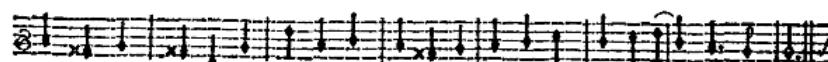
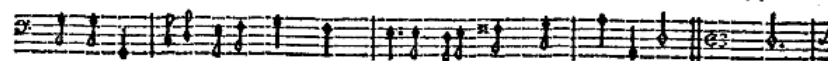
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

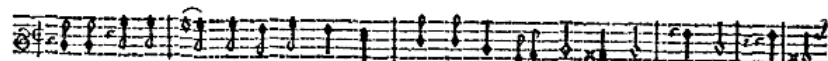
Mr. John Cobb.



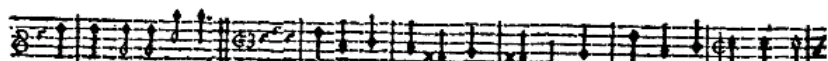
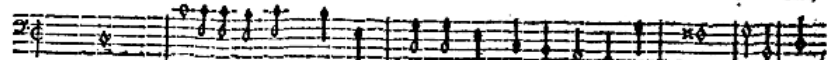
Bellows, they Blow the Fellows while the Iron's hot; though there gains be small, Thy pot and



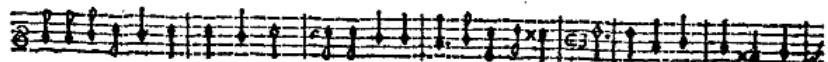
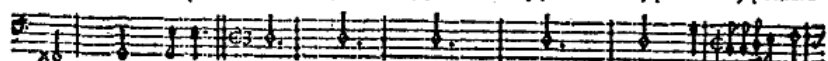
my pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.



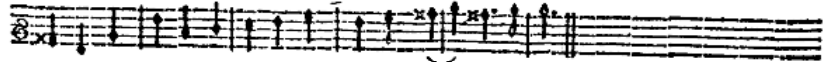
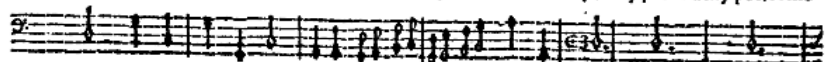
Hallow, Hallow, Hallow is the White Mare Fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast,



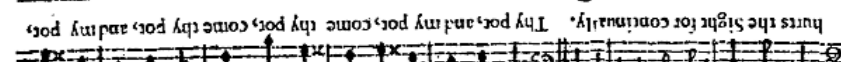
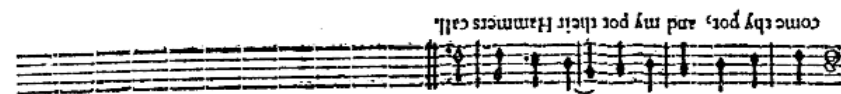
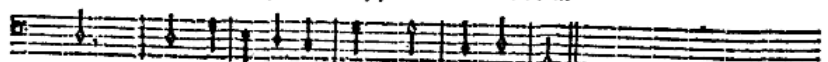
stand fast with a Winion: Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot and thy pot, sure



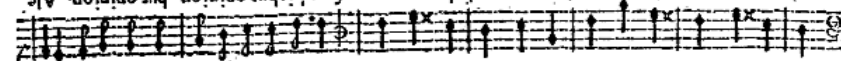
'tis but opinion Ale hurts the sight, For continually con-ti-nu-al-ly, Thy pot and my pot, come



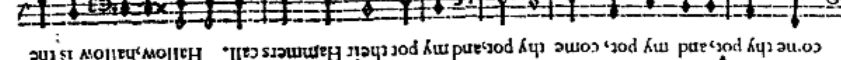
thy pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot their Hammers call.



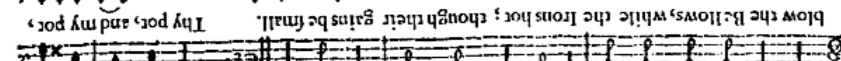
hurts the Sight for continually. Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot, and thy pot, sure



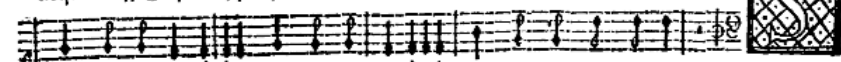
and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot, and my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call. Ale



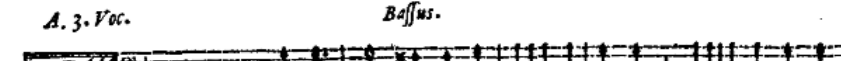
white Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winion. Thy pot,



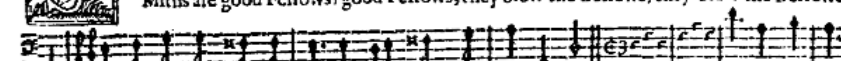
come thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow, is the



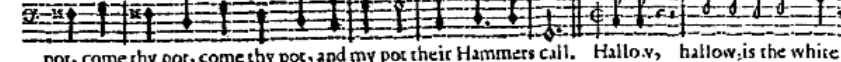
blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small. Thy pot, and my pot,



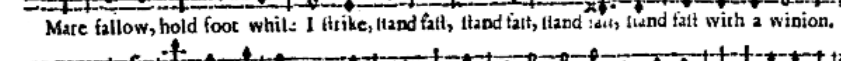
Miths are good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows, they



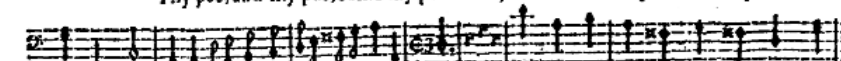
they blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small. Thy pot, and my



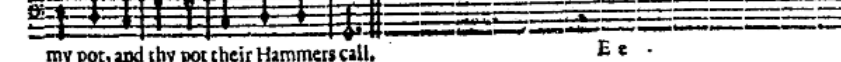
pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow, is the white



Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winion,



Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot come; sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Ale



hurts the Sight for continually, for con-ti-nu-al-ly. Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come

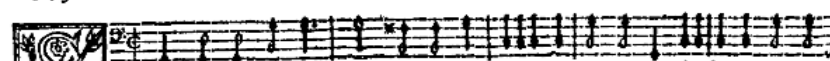


my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.

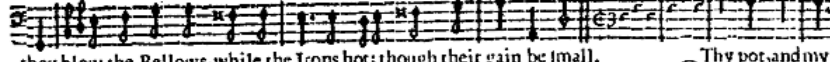
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A. 3. Voc.

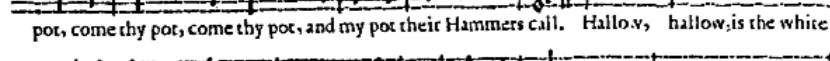
Bassus.



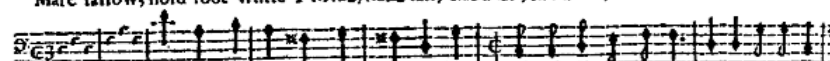
they blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small. Thy pot, and my



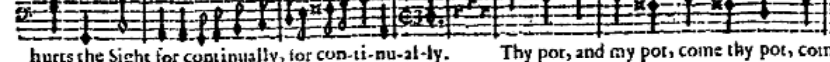
pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow, is the white



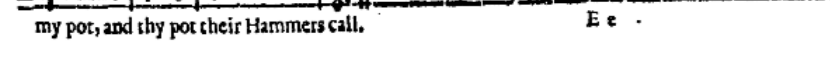
Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winion,



Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot come; sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Ale



hurts the Sight for continually, for con-ti-nu-al-ly. Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come



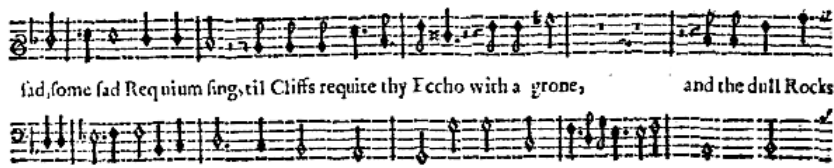
my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.

A. 3. Voc.

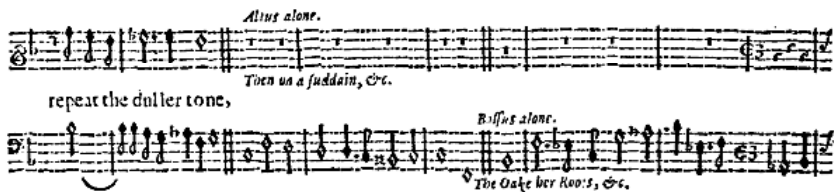
Cantus Primus. Mr. William Smegergill alias Caesar.



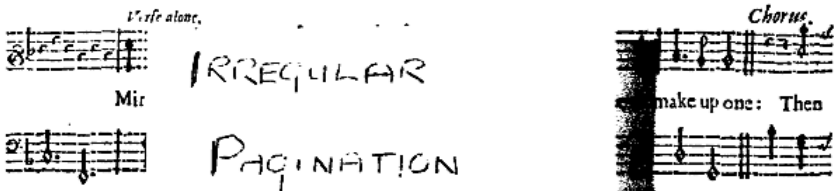
Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of souls get up, get up, & string thy powerful Lute, & some



fad, some fad Requiem sing, till Cliffs requite thy Eccho with a grone, and the dull Rocks



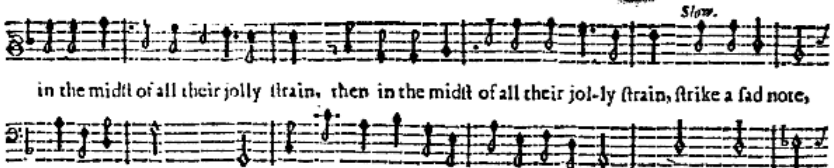
repeat the duller tone,



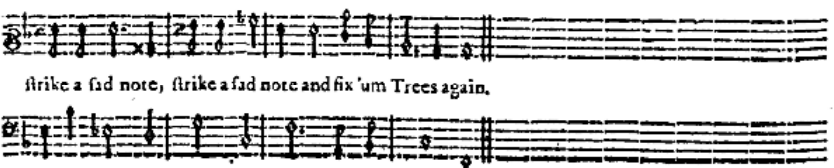
Mir

IRREGULAR

PAGINATION



in the midt of all their jolly strain, then in the midt of all their jol-ly strain, strike a sad note,



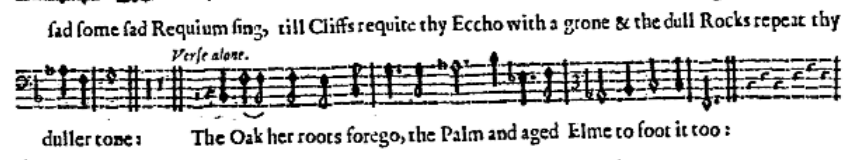
Strike a sad note, strike a sad note and fix 'um Trees again.



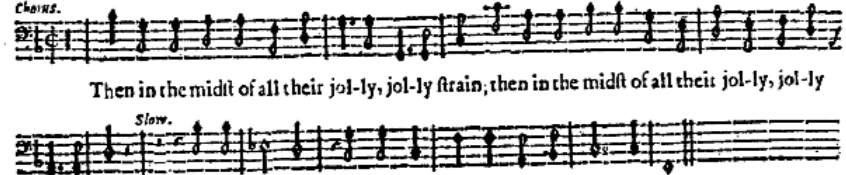
Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls get up, get up & string thy powerful Lute, and some



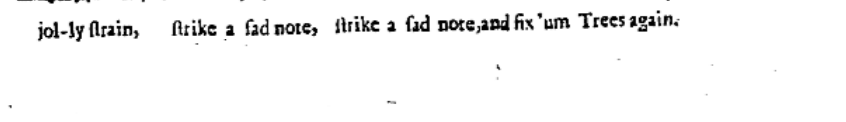
Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls, get up get up & string thy powerful Lute, and some



fad some fad Requiem sing, till Cliffs requite thy Eccho with a grone & the dull Rocks repeat thy



duller tone: The Oak her roots forego, the Palm and aged Elme to foot it too:

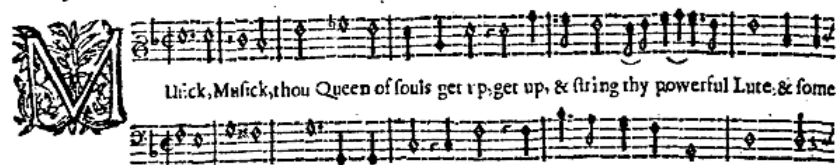


Then in the midt of all their jol-ly, jol-ly strain, then in the midt of all their jol-ly, jol-ly

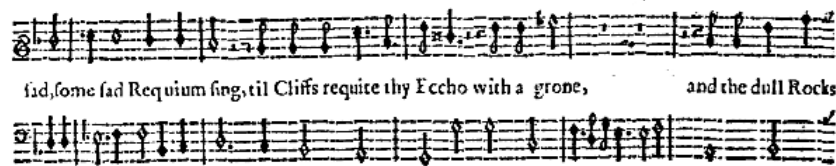
jol-ly strain, strike a sad note, strike a sad note, and fix 'um Trees again.

A. 3. Voc.

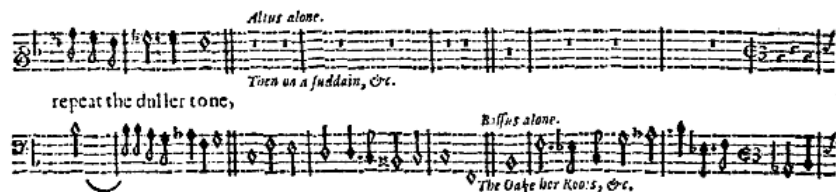
Cantus Primus. Mr. William Smegergill alias Caesar.



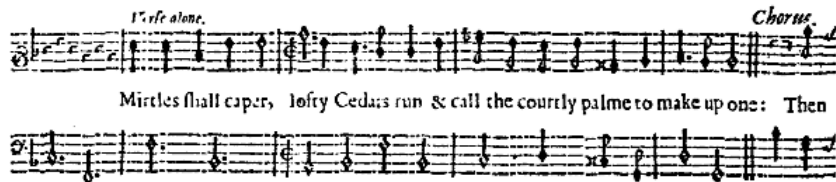
Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of souls get up, get up, & string thy powerful Lute, & some



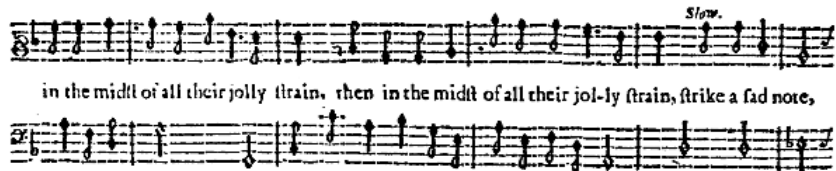
fad, some fad Requiem sing, till Cliffs requite thy Eccho with a grone, and the dull Rocks



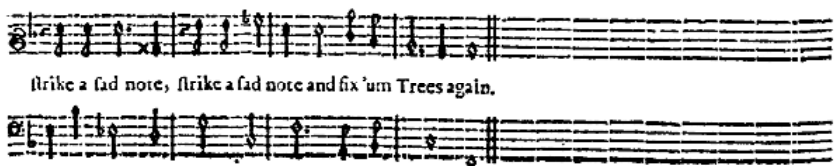
repeat the duller tone,



Mirtles shall caper, Josty Cedars run & call the courtly palme to make up one: Then



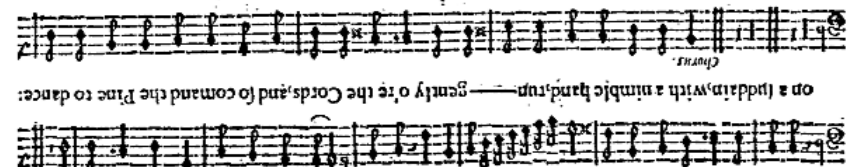
in the midt of all their jolly strain, then in the midt of all their jol-ly strain, strike a fad note,



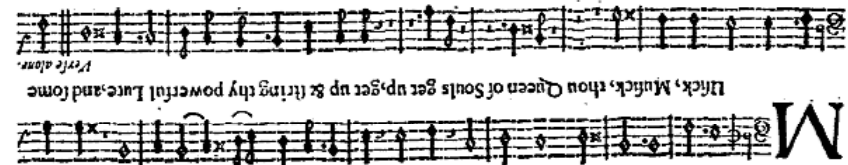
strike a fad note, strike a fad note and fix 'um Trees again.



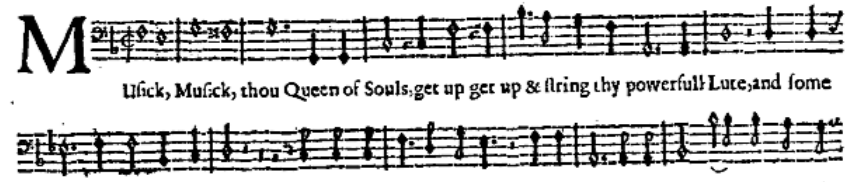
Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of souls get up, get up & string thy powerful Lute, and some



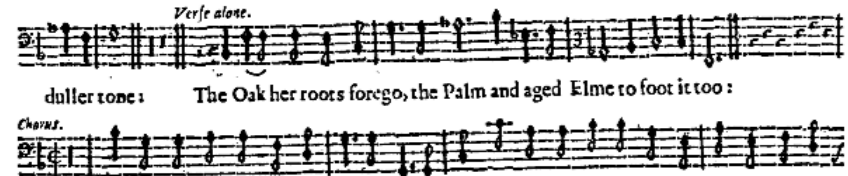
fad, some fad Requiem sing, till Cliffs requite thy Eccho with a grone & the dull Rocks repeat thy



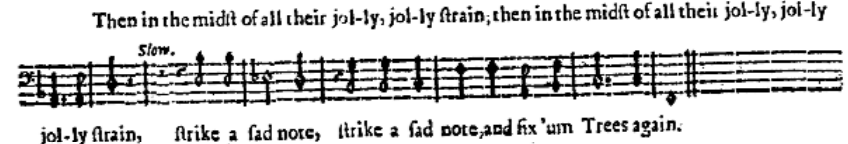
repeat the duller tone, The Oak her roots forego, the Palm and aged Elme to foot it too:



Mirtles shall caper, Josty Cedars run & call the courtly palme to make up one: Then



in the midt of all their jolly strain, then in the midt of all their jol-ly strain, strike a fad note,

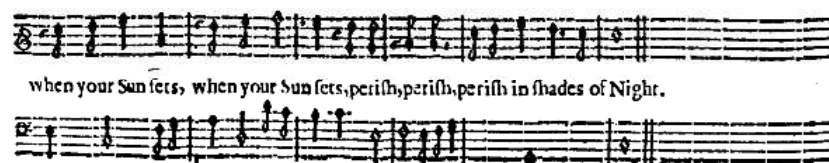
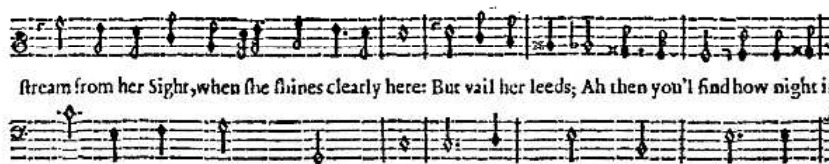
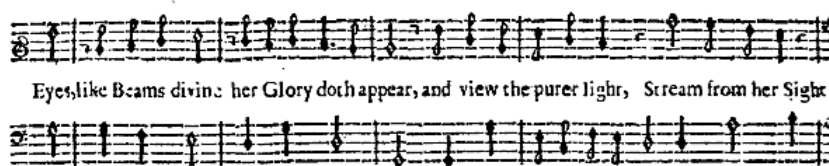
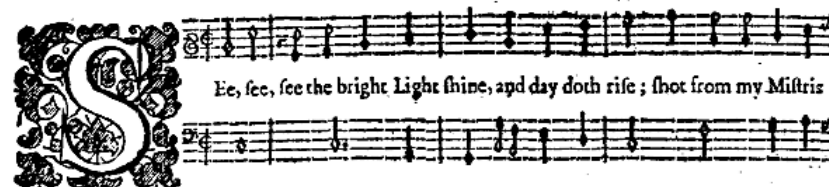


strike a fad note, strike a fad note, and fix 'um Trees again.

A. 2. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

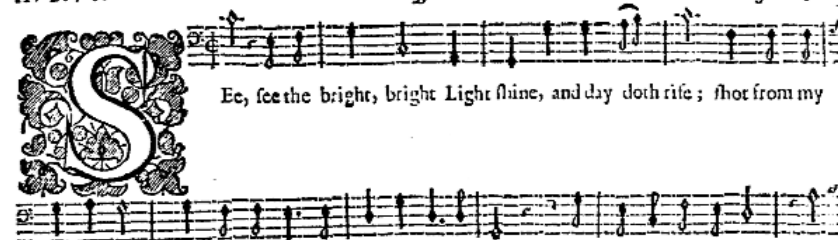
Mr. Jenkins.



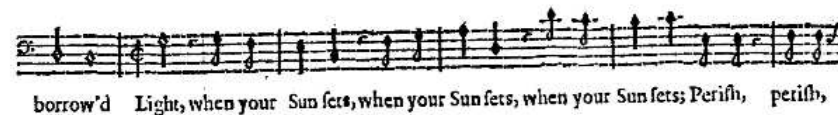
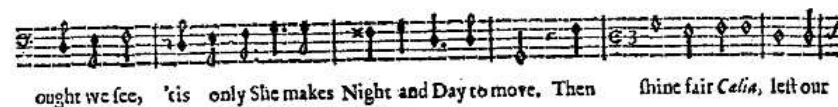
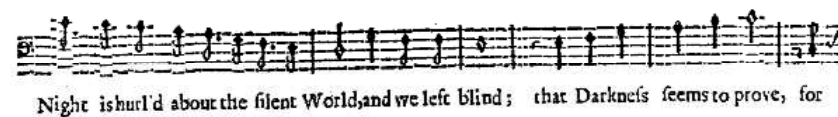
A. 2. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Jenkins.



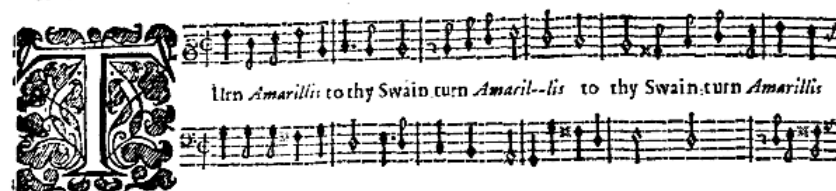
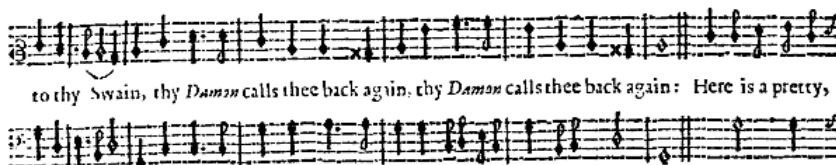
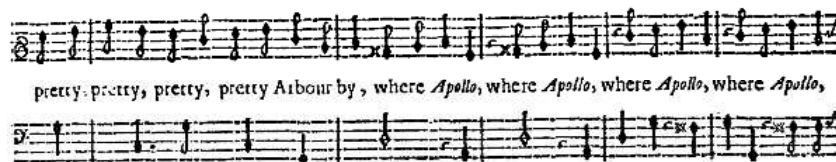
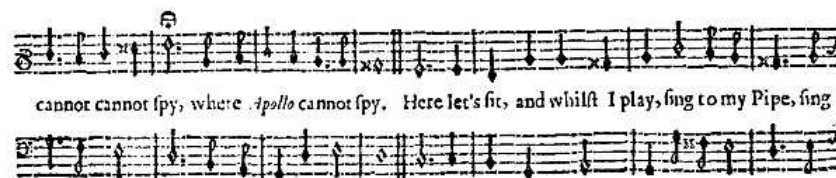
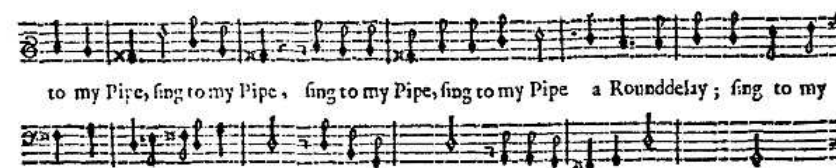
Mistris Eyes, like Beams divine her Glories doe appear; and view the purer light Stream



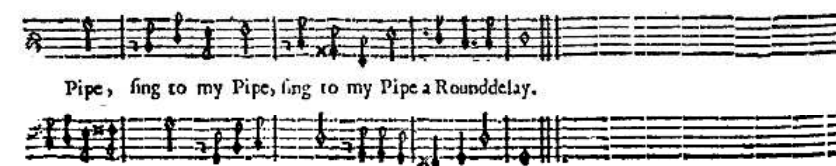
A. 2. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.

Uten *Amarillis* to thy Swain turn *Amaril-lis* to thy Swain turn *Amarillis*to thy Swain, thy *Damon* calls thee back again, thy *Damon* calls thee back again: Here is a pretty,pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty Arbour by, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*,cannot cannot spy, where *Apollo* cannot spy. Here let's sit, and whilst I play, sing to my Pipe, sing

to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Rounddelay; sing to my

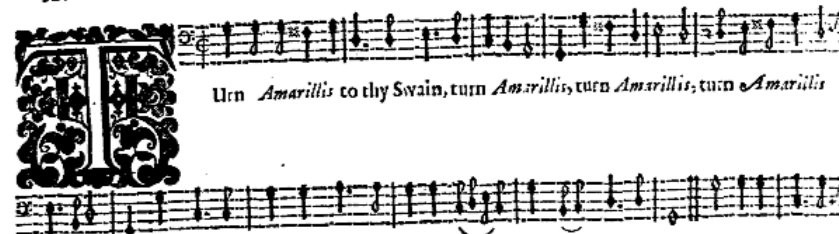
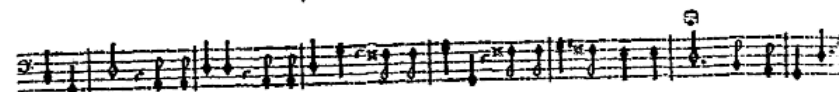
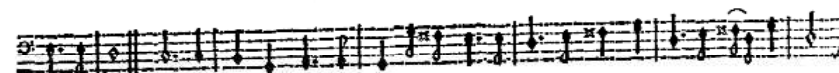


Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Rounddelay.

A. 2. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.

Uten *Amarillis* to thy Swain, turn *Amarillis*, turn *Amarillis*, turn *Amarillis*to thy Swain, thy *Damon* calls thee back again, thy *Damon* calls thee back again: Here is a pretty,Arbour by, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo* cannot spy: where *Apollo*

cannot spy: There let's sit, and whilst I play, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe,



sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Rounddelay; sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my

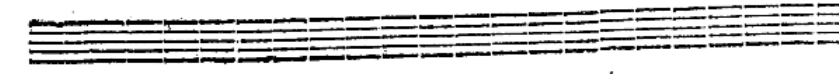


Pipe a Rounddelay.



Reader.

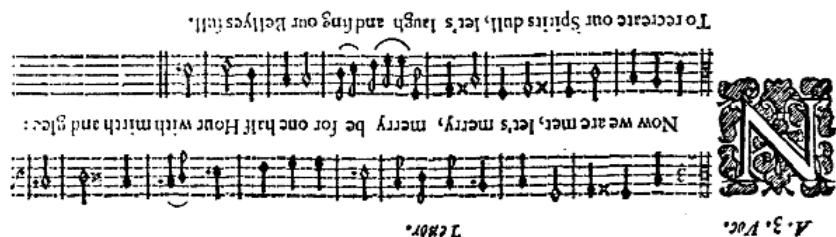
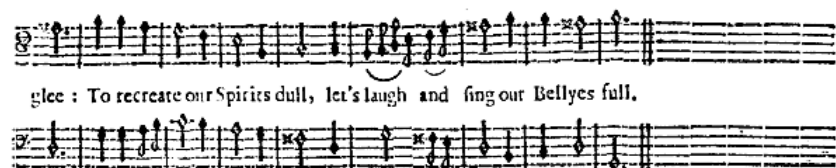
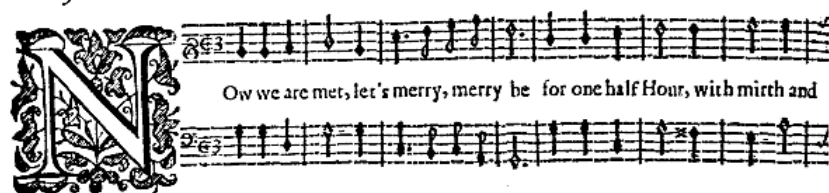
Here thou hast this Song, for Two Voyces; as it was
first Compos'd by my Friend the Author, though in
Years, two Inward Parts have been added to it. J. P.



A. 3. Voc.

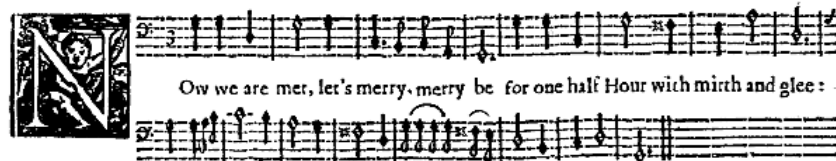
Cantus Primus.

Mr. Simon Ives.



A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



To recreate our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our Bellies full.

In praise of Musick.

Musick miraculous *Rhetorick* ! that speak'st Sence
Without a Tongue, excellent Eloquence:
The love of thee in wild Beasts have been known,
And Birds have lik'd thy Notes above their own.

How easie might thy Errors be excus'd,
Wert thou as much beloved, as th'art abus'd ;
Yet although dull Souls thy Harmony disprove,
Mine shall be fixt in what the Angels love.

FINIS.

+ W. D. Knight.

SELECT
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AND
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T H E O R B O - L U T E
OR
B A S S E - V I O L .

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By M^r HENRY LAWES, late Servant to His Majesty
in His Publick and Private Musick :
And other Excellent MASTERS.

The Second Book.



L O N D O N ,

Printed by William Godbid for John Playford, and are to be Sold at his Shop
in the Temple, near the Church Dore. 1669.